THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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THE ACADIAN.

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Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
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After a careful examination of

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I find it composed of ingredients of a chemically pure and healing nature. It cannot be too highly recommended, both for medicinal and toilet use. I also find

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perfectly pure and possessing high medicinal qualities. It can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate skin, and is an excellent ointment for general every-day use.

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The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.

WEAKNESS,
NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

MR. VAIL, the well-known Checker of the I. C. R. Freight Dep't., St. John, N. B., makes the following statement:

"Oct. 13, 1892.—Last spring I was completely run down from the *effects of overwork* and an attack of the Grip. I was weak and nervous and had no appetite, COULD NOT SLEEP and felt tired and depressed. I tried Doctors and various remedies but got no better, and had to give up work. I became so weak and exhausted that I had GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try

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I purchased 6 bottles and in a *month's time* after taking 4 of them, had *gained 21 lbs in weight*. My appetite returned, I slept well grew STRONG and VIGOROUS and am

Entirely Cured of Nervousness.

I am stronger now than I have been for years and can do my work *without fatigue or exhaustion*. To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable *Restorative Tonic*, as it restored me to *health and strength*, after all other remedies had failed."

We endorse the above statement of Mr. Vail's case, as we have had a personal knowledge of it and hereby do affirm his statement to be true in every particular.

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For sale by all Druggists and general dealers at 50c. a bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.

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"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure Bilious Ills."

Skoda's Discovery!

Hear what the people say that have used Skoda's Discovery.

"It is of more value to the World than the Discovery of America by Columbus."

—IT IS—

The Kind that Cures.

POETRY.

Chances.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all; and life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;
And then we woman cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
Much given away, which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, his care;
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer,
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the Past and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Continued.*

"Thank the Lord! He has saunt me a fish," said Tam, suddenly drawing the pole up from the water. On its end was a curious net, in which struggled a fine perch. With accustomed hand, the lonely fisherman dressed it, and soon had it cooking over the coals. Spell bound by the strangeness of the scene, Camberlain remained in his hiding place. According to custom, the little man dicoursed to himself, of affairs at the mill, using names that made the listener start with surprise. Much of what he said was incomprehensible, yet there were many sentences which, although without present meaning, were laid away in memory's storehouse, some day to be of use. When the simple meal was cooked, the Scotchman took off his cap and, reverently kneeling, prayed.

"O Lord," he said, "lake doon into these woods to poor Tam? From Thy Throne in the heavens bend doon and listen. Here is one, Lord, who has not bowed the knee to Lamson, nor consented to his iniquity. Here is one, who, that he might keep the word of Thy patience, refused to join hands with the ungodly, and is now an outcast because of it. 'Twas no' because I was better than many another, but rather because one day I expect to meet Thee, my Redeemer, face to face, I dare not do wrong when I think of this. I remember also, dear Lord, how Thou didst deliver me from mine appetite, how Thou didst rebuke the destroyer and set me free. I praise Thee for it. Keep me in thy holy keeping and let me never stray from Thee. Amen!"

When he had finished his unique grace, the hermit drew some crackers from his pockets and made a hearty meal finishing with a draught of river water. He then carefully extinguished the fire, threw the stones into the water, and covered the blackened embers with earth and leaves. He then parted the bushes and vanished—so quietly and quickly, that Chamberlain was for a moment too much surprised to follow. Then remembering that this strange being was possessed of much valuable information about the mills, and that he mentioned many things that held a decided air of mystery, he attempted to go after him. Quickly and noiselessly, he stole down to the small, open space where the repast had been eaten, and glanced hastily about. Not seeing him, he plunged into the thicket that had, but a few seconds prior, hidden the slight form of the fisherman. Once in this dense growth he was unable to make any progress. Not only were the trees growing close and in inextricable confusion, but the worst of all creepers, the squirrel vine, with its armour of thorns, had bound and lashed the mass of living verdure so tightly together, that it seemed hardly possible that even a rabbit could find a pathway. After a short and fruitless struggle, Chamberlain retreated with scratched hands and torn clothes

How the Scotchman had penetrated it was a mystery. For an instant he pondered, and then started up the bank, and avoiding the most tangled portions of the forest, made his way rapidly in the direction of the mills. He was sure that some portion of the factory yard was the destination of the Scotchman. The river was to wide to be crossed excepting at the bridges. A narrow foot-bridge led across the stream near the path which had been the scene of his former adventure with Tam, and it was here that he expected him to make his appearance. Hurrying forward, he reached this bridge and stationed himself where he could command a full view of it and the footpath that led from it. His assumption was well based, for a few moments later Tam came in sight, crossed stealthily to the further side, and hurried along in the direction of the deserted yards. When he was far enough ahead, Chamberlain followed, curious to know how he accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of surmounting the wall.

In the shadow of the fence, he followed the figure till almost opposite the spot where he had stood and listened so long on a former occasion. Here Tam paused, glanced in all directions to see if the coast was clear, then seized one of the fence boards by its lower end, slid it up several feet from the ground, and crept under, then pushed it into its place again. As soon as this was done Chamberlain came forward to note carefully the gateway that the little hermit had made use of. Reaching the place, his quick eye at once detected the very board that had been raised. It was slightly dicolored at the lower end, and when carefully examined had an unstable air that things which are not thoroughly fastened are apt to have. Yet the casual observer would never have dreamed that it differed from the rest of the spike-capped boards of the fence. To be so sure of the location that he might know the place, even in the night, Chamberlain looked about for bearings. A stone or a stump close at hand would be all that he wished.

As he scanned the surface of the field for such a landmark, he saw by the narrow foot-path, exactly opposite the secret gateway, a stake of hard wood driven so deep into the ground as to be almost hidden. This then was some one's guide post It did not seem likely that it was used by Tam, for such characters never need land marks. They invariably possess an instinct that is most reliable and above outside help. Aware of this fact, Chamberlain pondered the matter and wondered if others knew of that way of entering the prescribed precincts of the yard.

The many sentences dropped by the little Scotchman had awakened in him a growing distrust of the mill management. To be sure, Lamson's plausible explanation of Pfaff's presence and privileges in the mill settlement had so far overcome his former suspicion that he had frankly begged the agent's pardon. Yet here was this strange hermit fisherman,—this man who seemed perfectly well to have known not only his uncle Robert Flint, but his father as well—speaking of some deep plot that was depriving the company of legitimate profits. That there was something back of all this, Chamberlain could not but believe. Yet what it was remained a mystery. With all the acuteness that he naturally possessed, he found it impossible to get on the track of anything wrong in the file business. Most carefully had he watched places where it seemed to him fraud would most likely be practised, but no sign of anything wrong had he discovered.

As he recrossed the river on his way to Steep Street, a white, haggard face strained toward him out of the thick bushes. Chamberlain did not see it and went on unconsciously. When he had passed, its possessor rose and stood with an anguished, despairing look, gazing after him. It was John Temple.

That very evening, an hour later, an important errand called Chamberlain to the mill, and after it was accomplished, he started to pass around the building, attracted to the rear yard by the knowledge of its mysterious tenant.

"Going down the haunted path?" inquired one of the watchmen, who was standing, lantern in hand, near the corner.

"The what?"

"Why, the river-path. It's ha'nted, you know."

"What haunts it?" inquired Chamberlain, with interest.

"O, I dunno, ghost or something. I believe there was a man murdered along there three years ago, and he has been seen walking up and down the path."

Tom started on without further question and had gone but a few paces, when the watchman again hailed him.

"Better come through the yard with me," he advised.

"I'm not afraid."

"That don't count either way," said the other earnestly; "a young feller like you don't want to poke his nose into any ghost business. It's mighty dangerous."

The more anxious he was to keep the young man away from the river-path, the more determined Chamberlain was to explore it. He therefore started down the path and was soon alone in the darkness. Although he had so carefully noted the tiny landmark, it took him some time to identify it. When at last it was discovered, and he stood again with his ear close to the hidden gateway, he was tempted to explore the dark yard then and there. Whether or not he would have carried out his wish cannot be told, for so intently was he listening for Tam's tremulous voice, that he did not hear the soft step behind him, nor did he take alarm until strong arms were thrown around him an he found himself on the ground. He used all his strength in attempting to free himself from his unseen antagonist, yet without avail; and in a short time breathless and wearied, he lay conquered, his hands lashed firmly to his sides, a handkerchief bound tightly about his eyes. He uttered no cry, for the uselessness of it was apparent to him. None would come to his rescue on the "haunted path." A muscular arm raised him to his feet and turned him around and around till he was so dizzy that he almost fell down, and then before he could in any way recover the lost bearings, he was led away. For some minutes they kept to the path, then reached rough ground where he was pulled over rocks and stumps in a most unceremonious manner. At length after splashing through a hallow brook or pool, a building was entered, as Chamberlain knew by the difference in the air. Here a halt was made, and after a whispered consultation the bandage was taken from his eyes. With great curiosity he looked about and found himself in a large room, dimly lighted by two or three candles. The monstrous shadows and the vast emptiness of the place had a most weird effect, and no doubt our hero would have been frightened had he not recognised the place as the "gate-house" to the rear yard, explored by him one noon. His captors had left him in the middle of the apartment and were gone before he had seen them. On attempting to move he found that his hands were made fast to an iron bar that stood up from the plank floor. Willing to test the strength of his fastenings and much reassured when he knew that he was in the mill, he began vigorously to struggle. As he did so an unearthly groan rang through the empty spaces of the great room.

"He struggles. Shall they be lasht?" asked a hollow voice.

"Yes," responded a chorus, which Chamberlain estimated contained three voices, including the Hibernian interlocutor. As he had been in more than one college scrape of a nature similar to this, he felt at home, and was pondering the best course to pursue, when a happy thought struck him. He saw no one, but without doubt he was observed. If he appeared so overcome by fear as to faint, would they not show themselves?

"The executioner comes," said the sepulchral voice, with its ridiculous intonation and accent, and, with measured stride a white-robed figure appeared and advanced.

"Oh! spare me! spare me! I'll never go near the haunted path again," shrieked Chamberlain, with an agony so startling that even the ghost jumped.

"Will you shware it?"

But no answer came. The captive had fainted and fallen in a heap upon the floor.

The ghost paused irresolutely, then advanced cautiously and raised the limp hand.

"Come out here, Mike," he said. "The lad has fainted dead away. Let's carry him out, and leave him by the roadside. He will never trouble us again."

"By the howly St. Pathrick, but that was well done," said the interlocutor, coming out of a shadowy corner. "Here, Jack, lend us a hand."

As they prepared to raise the prostrate figure, the passage-window, through which Chamberlain had entered on his first visit, was opened, and Sam Putnam swung himself in.

"What in thunder are you fellers up to?" he asked, in great astonishment.

"We have been givin' this bye a lesson on the dangerosity av inquisitiveness," replied Mike, with an abashed air.

"Who is it? Why, it's young Chamberlain! Who hit him? What's the matter?"

"He's only sheared. We showed him a ghost, and he fainted, that's all."

"Well, how did he come here?" asked the giant, with an angry ring in his voice.

Meekly Mike narrated the watchman's attempt to keep him away, his attitude of listening at the secret gate, and the method of capture. When he had finished, Sam said, abruptly,—

"Get back to your places, every one of you, and don't try any more risky work, whatever happens."

Obediently the three filed out, and left Putnam with the captive. Thinking it time to recover, the latter sighed heavily and opened his eyes.

"Get up," was the not-unkindly command.

"My hands are tied, and I don't think I can," was the reply.

With an expression of entire disgust, Putnam cut the cords and led the young man to the window. Both climbed out and stood in the yard.

"I suppose this foolish joke on the part of the "night-puddlers" will be told all over the mill by you to-morrow?" enquired Sam, gloomily.

Surprised that he was not threatened, Chamberlain replied:

"There is no special need of my telling any one."

"I wish you would keep it quiet, then. They are good fellows, and were only on a lark."

"Why are they about this part of the mill, instead of being near the furnaces?" asked Chamberlain, but received no answer. Without further conversation the two walked to one of the side gates, and the intruder was dismissed, with a gruff "good-night." As Sam went back to the rear yard, he muttered to himself,—

"If that young feller hasn't some object in hanging around here, I am mistaken. There ain't a thing happens in the works, but he knows. I don't wonder the dekin hates him."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs Bowman's husband had been a soldier; and, although not slain by a bullet, he came home to die a victim to the decanter. Whether he was a brave man or not does not appear, but were one to judge him by his only son, poor Rob, he must have been one of the most arrant cowards in existence. Mrs Bowman, on the contrary, feared nothing. As muscular as a man, and possessed of an iron constitution, coupled with untiring energy, she was the exact opposite of her shiftless, easy-going boy.

Among the happenings that took place during the stay of Chamberlain, was the payment of quite a sum of money, "back-pay," that stood to her husband's credit with the government. The widow, fearing the banks, resolved to keep it in her own house, and, as she supposed, had no confidants in this decision. One night, not long after the sum had been received, the lady of the house was awakened by a noise on the lower floor. Thinking it must be some drunken man from the village, she stepped into her son's room and told him to go down and investigate. With horror unfeigned, he refused. He would go nowhere without company, and the idea of descending the stairs to meet a possible ghost, or midnight-assassin, was more than he would entertain. Mrs Bowman, therefore, started down the stairs to wreak substantial vengeance upon the intruder, should he be found.

Her quest was more successful than she had supposed it would be, for, in the kitchen, trying to open the tiny medicine-closet over the fire-place was a man. She recognized Gaffney, as she supposed, and at once settled upon a plan for punishment that seemed suited to the offense. Near the chimney was a brick-lined coal-closet, with a door almost ponderous in strength. It was now empty, and she resolved to put him in it. The door stood slightly ajar, and she felt certain that, could she take him by surprise, she could bustle him in there before he had time to resist. Swiftly and noiselessly she advanced, and seized him by the collar, and in a twinkling he was a prisoner, and the door was securely bolted. Then, without a word, she returned to her room, and slept soundly till morning.

The first one up in the house, she was about to open the impromptu cell, and release the town drunkard, when she noticed, lying on the table, a valise, which, being partly open, displayed a set of tools such as she had never before seen. More from instinct than from any appreciation of possible danger, she called Chamberlain's attention to them, and he at once pronounced them burglar's tools. His statement was corroborated by two men, who happened to be passing at the time, and who, producing hand-cuffs, informed the astonished household that they were city officers, on the track of a notorious house-breaker. They felt extremely well over their luck, and, after a brief preparation, opened the door and secured their man.

"One thing I should like to know," he said, as the "wristers" were put on. "What man took me?"

"Man!" said Mrs Bowman. "It was only me! Why, I could handle two of you, even if you be a buggler!"

"Well," said the house-breaker, as he departed, "you've done what few men could do. Slippery Jack caught by a woman! I'll go out of the business directly."

At once Mrs Bowman was a heroine. Her name came out in the city papers. All praised her. But, as they lauded her exploit, they laughed at Rob, who was more dejected than ever. In a most melancholy state of mind, he sought Chamberlain, as he was doing some evening work in the mill, and confided to his muscular friend all of his trouble. The young man was greatly amused over the other's earnestness and honesty in confessing his cowardice, and asking advice as to its cure.

"Have you ever asked the Lord to make you brave?" said he, finally.

"No-o," replied Rob, slowly. "I didn't know as he would care to help a feller in that line."

"The next time you see anything that frightens you, just pray as hard as you can, and go and examine it. You may be sure the Lord will take care of you."

Rob promised, and started for home, greatly cheered. Even in going the short distance between the mill and his house, he had a chance to test his new plan, for on the opposite side of the street stood a white, ghostly figure, raising its hands as if to warn him away. His first impulse was to run, but a second helped him to overcome it. Advancing toward it, he prayed:

"O! Lord help me! O! Lord help me!"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper, W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.